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whose life is the most free from error, and who endeavours to regulate his conduct by the unerring standard of justice and truth.

To plead for, and to hasten the coming of this day, as far as their influence and example extends, should be the work of all who wish well to the best interests of man.

N.S.

To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.

YOUR correspondent, "A County Carlow Peasant," was mistaken in the account he gave in your last number, of a *Northern* outrage, if he alluded to a transaction which took place in this neighbourhood a few years ago. Two giddy young men, "in all the madness of superfluous health," and perhaps with the impudence of thinking that every thing became them, because they considered themselves as gentlemen, amused themselves by shooting with pistols at the cats and dogs on the sides of the road, on their return from Dublin, and in one instance, in the pursuit of this *elegant and highly refined amusement*, fired into a cabin on the road side. One of them now holds a high civil station, and the other is in a clerical character in a town not far remote from yourselves, but it is hoped they have long since been convinced of their folly.

Your correspondent is, however, very much mistaken in saying no notice was taken of their misconduct. A public-spirited individual in this town had a prosecution instituted against the delinquents. The bills of indictment were found against them at the Assizes at Downpatrick, and then they *tardily* consented to submit the matter to the arbitration of two lawyers. They were made to pay pretty smartly for their outrage, the costs of law,

and recompense to the sufferer, amounting to not less than £100. In this case, the North fully maintained its character of INDEPENDENCE. It would be well for the South, if their Nimrods were forced to be equally amenable to the law. If the peasantry were fully protected in their persons and properties, we should hear less of nightly outrage. Circumstances form the character of a people. The obsequious Slave of the day, unprotected and trodden upon, retaliates on the injustice of society, by his nightly depredations.

DETECTOR.

Banbridge.

To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.

SKETCH OF A TOUR TO CARRICK-A-REDE BRIDGE.

NOTHING of importance interested our attention, until we arrived at the venerable ruins of the ancient castle of Duntuce. The morning was calm and beautiful. Not one cloud intercepted our extended view of the ocean, and the neighbouring islands. The Sun had just risen a little above the horizon, and with his first rays tinged the dark brows of the projecting cliffs with which we were surrounded. We approached and entered the ruins, impressed with that pleasing kind of melancholy, which is inspired by sublime objects. A dull quiescence was inscribed on the neighbouring landscape, except when interrupted by the screams of sea-birds, and the bleating of the sheep on the neighbouring hills. The sea was unruffled by a breeze. "Sweet emblem," said one of my companions, looking into the green bosom of the ocean, "sweet emblem of peace and tranquillity!" "Yes," added Mr. —, meditating deeply of human life, "to-day the sun of